

How to Keep Your Youth

PAULINE FURLONG'S HEALTH TALKS

Easier to Prevent Sallow, Wrinkled Neck Than to Beautify It

THE neck which has been hopelessly neglected for many years seldom shows any marked improvement under treatment. Especially is this true of women who have reached and passed middle life, and it is always best to dress the withered neck high and cover it with scarfs and frills of soft lace and chiffon than to display it by wearing low-cut waists and extreme evening gowns, as many women are prone to do.

Nothing is more unbecomingly to the eye than the faded, yellow neck covered with wrinkles or heavy rolls of fat, and any of these conditions can be avoided if treated early enough, and certainly improved with time and persistence.

To-day I am giving another good massage cream and skin whitener for the neck, and it should be made as follows: Mutton tallow, one-half pound; glycerine, three ounces; tincture benzoin, one teaspoonful; camphor spirits, one-half teaspoonful; powdered alum, one-half teaspoonful; rose water, one teaspoonful; Russian tinsinglass, one ounce. This cream is also slightly astringent and helps tighten and make firm soft, flabby flesh on neck and chin.

Use the following massage treatment with the above cream: Hold the head well backward and place the first three fingers of each hand on the neck under left ear and work



Hold the head backward and work the fingers in large, oval movements under each ear.

them in large, oval movements. Continue in this manner, working the hands over until the fingers have covered every part of the neck and throat and until they reach the right side under the right ear. Have the fingers press downward into the flesh with firm, steady strokes to stimulate the blood supply beneath and bring it to the surface. Do this at least five minutes, wipe away excess cream and then dash cold water on neck and chin for five more minutes.

Answers to Health and Beauty Questions.
PTOMAIN POISON—By MRS. GRACE T.—Canned foods which have begun to spoil and improper sterilizing are usually the cause of foods bringing about this dangerous illness.

COCONUT OIL FOR GRAYING HAIR—By MRS. J. H. F.—Melt some of the oil in a warm place and apply a very little to the scalp on a piece of cotton several times each week. After two weeks shampoo with pure castile soap melted. The walnut oil is made from one-half pound dried black walnut shells, steeped in a pint of hot water until cold, and then strained. Use this on the hair with a hair brush each day. This is a harmless vegetable stain and will rub off.

ABOUT SKATING—By CASSIE R.—Ice or roller skating affects the muscles of the calf of the legs, hips, thighs and ankles. It will either reduce or develop, according to how often and how strenuously you skate.

GIRLS' CLUB FOR EXERCISES—By MINNA F.—Do not try to exercise a whole hour when the club is first started. Girls who stand all day must not do more exercises which compel them to stand in the evening. Bot-

Cranberries for Xmas

CRANBERRIES have a wholesome, racy, native tang. They are sour little things, though, and must be sweetened. But sweetening does not necessarily mean sugar. Cranberry sauce requires from one-third to one-half as much sugar as berries, but that is too heavy a drain on our sugar box when sugar is short. Use a mixture of corn syrup and sugar—two-thirds sugar and one-third corn syrup—or all corn syrup; seven-eighths of a cup will be enough for two cups of cranberries. In the cranberry recipes given here corn syrup has been used instead of sugar.

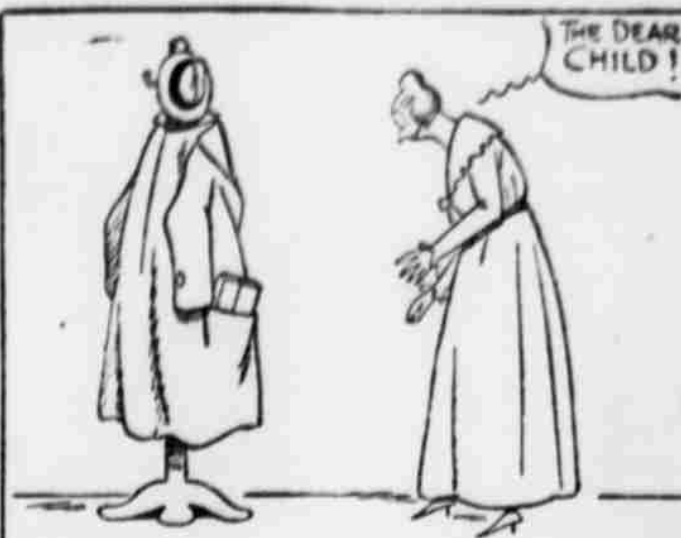
CRANBERRY SAUCE.
Pick over and wash two cups of cranberries, adding one and one-half cups of cold water and sweetening (for sweetening use either two-thirds sugar and one-third corn syrup or all corn syrup) seven-eighths of a cup will be enough for two cups of cranberries. In the cranberry recipes given here corn syrup has been used instead of sugar.

CRANBERRY SNOW.
Make a syrup as above directed. Whip stiff the white of one egg with a pinch of salt, then add gradually three tablespoons of sugar, beating well into the egg, alternating with the sauce, a tablespoon of cranberry sauce. Add the cranberry syrup, and beat to a stiff froth. The "snow" has risen to at least a pint and a half in quantity, for it will swell surprisingly. Chopped dates may be added or fresh grated coconut. The "snow" may be served as it is or quickly and lightly browned.

TO KEEP CRANBERRIES.
Cranberries may be dried or may be bottled. Fill the bottle with cold water, then cooking and placing in a cool dry place. Sometimes a good trick will answer the same purpose. It is examined frequently. Cranberries make an excellent red dye, or may be speeded or used as jam adjunct, or they may be made into syrup and used in drinks (shrubs and cordials).

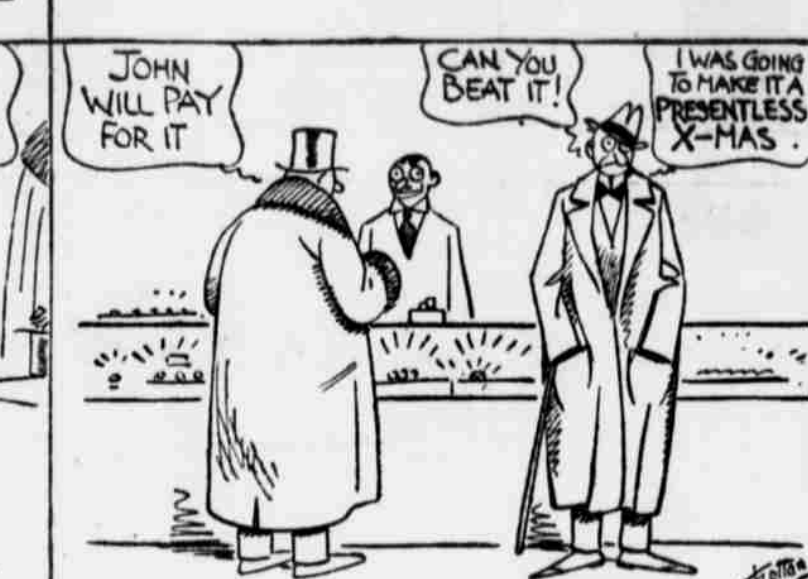
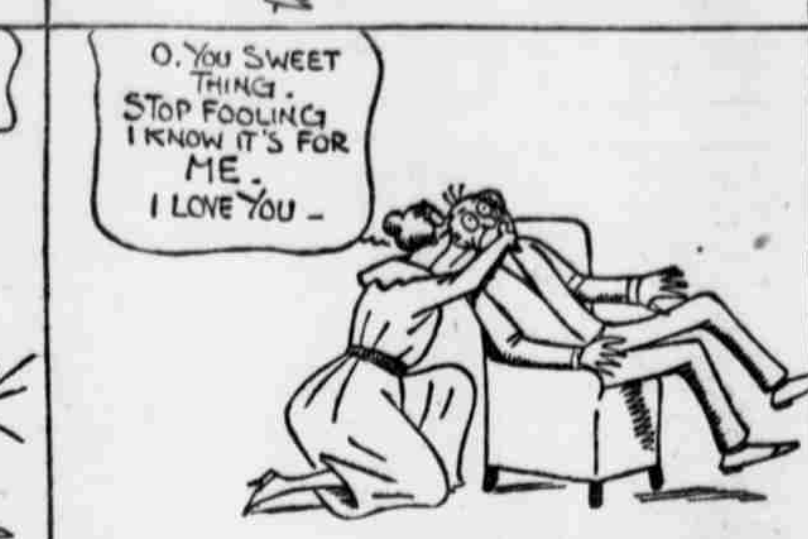
Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



By Maurice Ketten

By Maurice Ketten



The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

Copyright, 1917, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

The Big Christmas Celebration OF THE KIDDIE KLUB

WILL BE HELD AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

10 A. M. Thursday, December 27

Your Kiddie Klub Pins will admit you and one adult escort. Dear Cousin, this will be by far the greatest treat our Klub has ever given its members. Looking forward to having you with us, I am Cousin Eleanor

Buster's Adventures By Uncle Harry

By Uncle Harry

The Christmas Tree

It was the week before Christmas. "Buster" didn't know what Christmas was, but he could see that something wonderful was about to happen. A splendid turkey and three or four chickens, all so fat that their skins were almost bursting, had been killed. Big, yellow pumpkins and rows of apples, besides potatoes and carrots and jars of jam, had been carried into the kitchen.

Through the window he could see the family hard at work and he could smell things that made his mouth water so he could hardly stand it. He wasn't allowed inside the house; the farmer's wife was afraid he would track up her white floors.

Next morning the farmer came out with a little boy, just three and a half years, who had yellow hair and blue eyes. His name was Patsy. He was the farmer's grandson and had come to spend Christmas.

"Oh, Grampa," cried Patsy, "see the nice doggie!" and he ran and pulled Buster's tail. Then he tried to catch him, but Buster dodged and Patsy fell on top of him. Over and over they rolled, Patsy laughing and Buster barking. This made the two fast friends.

Next day they played together and the next, then Christmas came. Patsy was out bright and early with his arms full of toys. But he wasn't satisfied. His mother had told him he mustn't go into the parlor, so he knew there was a surprise there and he wanted to see it right away.

After a while he caught Buster by the collar and dragged him into the house. Nobody was in sight, so Patsy went to the parlor to see what the key and both slipped in. Buster could hardly believe his eyes.

A beautiful, green tree from the forest had been set up and on it were

candies and shiny streamers and balls that glittered in the light. Patsy tried to reach a branch but couldn't, so he dragged up a chair and climbed on it. He was stretching out his hand for a toy cannon when he slipped and fell. A candle was pulled off and dropped on top of him, was knocked out of the branch and didn't move. Buster was scared and ran to the door. It was closed.

"Oh, come quickly!" he barked. Then he looked back and saw that more scared than ever, a wisp of smoke was rising from Patsy's rompers. Mr. Elephant had told Buster that fire would hurt badly.

He couldn't put out the little, red flame but he could call for help. He ran and stood over Patsy, barking as loud as he could. The fire scorched him but he kept on barking.

All at once, the door flew open. Patsy's mother rushed in. In a moment she had put the fire out. She picked up Patsy and soon he was right. Then she hugged Buster and put something cool on the scorched places. When dinner time came Buster sat on a soft cushion between Patsy and his mother and had a big piece of turkey to eat.

THE END.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. Will you please let me know the price of the tickets for the matinee? Your office will be in admission charged. Your office will be in admission charged. Your office will be in admission charged.

Q. I am a girl now. Could I come to the Manhattan Opera House Dec 26 to see the show? I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I live in Hoboken. How can I get to the Manhattan Opera House? I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Q. I have a small dog and certificate but I have my puppy and I want to know if I can have it. I am sorry, but that would be an impossible arrangement.

Hollister Finds He Is the Victim Of a Plot to Get Him Married, And the Plot Wins

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

Copyright, 1917, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Hollister, young Wall Street man, and out of a job, engaged himself to perform an unknown mission for an old man, who was a friend of his father's. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

French fried potatoes—and waffles and a pot of coffee.

"You are ill, aren't you?" Ballin

"Where was I? Oh, yes, Wall Street."

"I don't know, of course, that Jim had

been working for him. She was to

keep him posted on anything he

might do that would tend to break

him out of Mr. Cloud—just a general

all-around spy, she was. All right,

Jim came to me one day and said he

was to go to the island of St. Helena

and find out what was going on there.

I began to tell him what I thought of

him and he said he wouldn't expect

me to give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

WHAT HE LEAST EXPECTED

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

Copyright, 1917, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Hollister, young Wall Street man, and out of a job, engaged himself to perform an unknown mission for an old man, who was a friend of his father's. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

French fried potatoes—and waffles and a pot of coffee.

"You are ill, aren't you?" Ballin

"Where was I? Oh, yes, Wall Street."

"I don't know, of course, that Jim had

been working for him. She was to

keep him posted on anything he

might do that would tend to break

him out of Mr. Cloud—just a general

all-around spy, she was. All right,

Jim came to me one day and said he

was to go to the island of St. Helena

and find out what was going on there.

I began to tell him what I thought of

him and he said he wouldn't expect

me to give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

ISOBEL

A STORY OF THE BIG NORTH WOODS

By James Oliver Curwood

Will Begin on This Page Monday, Dec. 24

Copyright, 1917, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Hollister, young Wall Street man, and out of a job, engaged himself to perform an unknown mission for an old man, who was a friend of his father's. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

French fried potatoes—and waffles and a pot of coffee.

"You are ill, aren't you?" Ballin

"Where was I? Oh, yes, Wall Street."

"I don't know, of course, that Jim had

been working for him. She was to

keep him posted on anything he

might do that would tend to break

him out of Mr. Cloud—just a general

all-around spy, she was. All right,

Jim came to me one day and said he

was to go to the island of St. Helena

and find out what was going on there.

I began to tell him what I thought of

him and he said he wouldn't expect

me to give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

Contributions From Kiddies

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

Copyright, 1917, by The Evening World Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Philip Hollister, young Wall Street man, and out of a job, engaged himself to perform an unknown mission for an old man, who was a friend of his father's. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there. He was to go to the island of St. Helena and find out what was going on there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

French fried potatoes—and waffles and a pot of coffee.

"You are ill, aren't you?" Ballin

"Where was I? Oh, yes, Wall Street."

"I don't know, of course, that Jim had

been working for him. She was to

keep him posted on anything he

might do that would tend to break

him out of Mr. Cloud—just a general

all-around spy, she was. All right,

Jim came to me one day and said he

was to go to the island of St. Helena

and find out what was going on there.

I began to tell him what I thought of

him and he said he wouldn't expect

me to give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I

could not give him any help, but if I